

Tom K---g's:
OR, THE
PAPHIAN GROVE.
With the various
HUMOURS
OF
COVENT GARDEN,
The **THEATRE,**
The **Gaming-Table, &c.**
A Mock-Heroic-Poem,
In Three **CANTOS.**

The **SECOND EDITION.**

To which is added,
A Dedication to Mrs. K---G, and the Au-
thor's Apology to such Gentlemen as think
themselves personally reflected on in this
Poem.

Toto notum in Orbe lupanar.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN TORBUCK, in *Clare-Court near Drury-Lane*; J. ROBINSON, the Corner of *Maiden-Lane*, in *Southampton-street*, Covent-Garden; G. SPAVAN, next the *Feathers Tavern* against *St. Clement's-Church* in the Strand; and sold at the Pamphlet shops, at the *Royal-Exchange*, *Temple-Bar*, and *Charing-Cross*. 1738.

(Price 1s. 6d.)

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To Mrs. Mary K---g.

Madam,

AS it is usual for most Authors to write Dedications to those from whom they have either receiv'd some singular Favour, or expectation of some future Advantage; so I according to the laudable Example of my Predecessors have done myself the Honour of laying the second Edition of this Poem at your Feet, for both the foregoing reasons: And I am induced to believe you will take this Piece into your protection, as being produced under your own Roof; tho' I am so far from imagining that I have drawn every Character to its utmost exactness, that I am fully sensible I am deficient in your own; so great a Task is beyond my Genius, and requires no less a Pen than that of the present inimitable Laureat.

But as I am not ignorant of your kind and forgiving Nature, I persuade myself you will candidly excuse all the Errors of this Piece; and I shall be easy as to the Success of its Sale, since every thing must please that you shall condescend to give a Sanction to.

I might here run into the common Fault of most Authors, and give a long Detail of your Virtues, such as your Modesty, Sobriety, cum multis aliis; but as your Character is well known, such an Encomium wou'd be needless, and I shall content myself with subscribing myself

Madam,

Your most sincere and dutiful Servant.



THE
AUTHOR'S
APOLOGY.

SINCE the Publication of this Poem, it has been objected that some Characters are drawn with too great a Warmth, and that I have deviated from the just Design of Satyr, which should only lash Vice without descending to particular Persons: But I must ask Pardon for dissenting from this Opinion; since it is very evident that to ridicule the Vices of the Place, without glancing at the most noted Gentlemen and Ladies that form this Assembly, can have little or no Tendency to its Reformation: Besides, private Admonition to such Persons is entirely useless, and nothing but so open an Exposition can shame them from these Nocturnal Meetings. It is much to be fear'd that some are to be work'd upon no way; as being entirely regardless of the Censure of Mankind, but of such I think there is no Danger of detrimmenting their Character.

I have no private Antipathy to any Person who may suppose himself to be here satyriz'd; my sole Design being to expose a Place that has flourish'd for some Years, either to the Shame of our Laws or the Scandal of our Magistrates.



Tom K----g's :

WITH THE
HUMOURS of *Covent-Garden.*

C A N T O I.



AND *Venus* Goddess of the *Paphian*
Grove, *
Parent of Beauty, charming Queen
of Love ;

Glory of Heaven, and the Thunderer's Pride
In Spight of *Pallas*, and his angry Bride,

* *Paphos*, a City of *Cyprus*, consecrated to *Venus*.

B

Delight

Delight of all, comfort of Sea and Earth,
 From whom all Pleasures take their jovial Birth;
 Whose pleasing Aspect always does inspire,
 Gay Wishes, melting Thoughts, and soft Desire,
 Deign to descend, and let thy billing Doves
 Here wing thy Carr, attended with the Loves
 And Youthful Graces, let thy Visit be,
 No transient, short liv'd Bliss, but long and free.
 Back send thy Airy Coursers, let them ply
 Their little Wings swift o'er the distant Sky
 To thy Cælestial Dome, nor come alone,
 But hither bring thy little darling Son ||.
 Beauty and Love conjoyn'd, shall thus inspire,
 My feeble Muse, with their Cælestial Fire;
 For much it to your Cod-head does belong,
 With Lays immortal to exalt the Song
 Of thy renowned Court, for Feats of Love
 More fam'd than *Paphos*, or the *Cyprian-Groves*

Nor thou, Young * God of Wine, disdain to be
 A kind Assistant of our Company;

|| *Cupid.*

* *Bacchus.*

At

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 3

But hither come ,with the same Joy s inspir'd,
As when thy Love the beauteous *Cretan* || fired ;
And let thy ancient Tutor † too attend,
With § *Momus*, ever to a Joke a Friend :
Least vainly I, in an unhallow'd Strain,
Thy various Pleasures, various Sports explain :
Inspired thus, I'll nobler Thirsts unfold
Than thy mad *Bacchanalia* ** were of old.

Where a wide Area opens to the Sight
A spacious Plain quadrangularly right,
Whose large Frontiers with Pallifado's bound,
From *Trivia*'s Filth inshrines the hallow'd Ground :
In which *Pomona* keeps her fruitful Court,
And youthful *Flora* with her *Nymphs* resort.
Here constant Verdure, which sweet Odours grace,
Declare a lasting Spring's unalter'd Face ;
And ev'ry Herb its Freshness does assume,
To charm the Senses with its sweet Perfume,
Happy *Arabia* here her spicey Fields,
And *Indian* Gums to Scents superior yields :

|| *Ariadne*.

† *Silenus*.

§ The snarling God.

* Feasts of *Bacchus*.

B 2

For

For what's the fragrant Nutmeg to compare
 With Damask Rose, or Lilly snowy fair?
 Or who but on the Tulip sure must doat,
 Cloath'd in her gay and particolour'd Coat?
 With many more of the enamel'd Train,
 Which to repeat would make the Labour vain,

But see *Pomona*, with her copious Horn,
 The fragrant Grove with choicest Fruits adorn:
 Here the John-Apple with its ruddy Face,
 From cleanly Basket does invite the Taste;
 Nor is the Golden-Pippin least in Fame,
 Which from a * *Gallick* King derives its Name,
 Nor does the downy Peach less luscious prove,
 Whose fragrant Smell attracts the Taste to Love.
 The crimson Cherry and the mellow Pear,
 All charming join our Palates to ensnare.

Th' *Hesperides* *, for Golden Fruit renown'd,
 And watchful Dragon that secur'd the Ground,

* *Pippin*, the Name of a *French* King.

† Gardens and Orchards in *Africk* that bore Golden Fruit which
 was kept by a wakeful Dragon.

Not

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 5

Not half so charming seem'd, or could invite,
With equal Gust, the luscious Appetite.
Not that fam'd Apple whose bewitching Smile
To taste forbidden did our Dam beguile,
Was half so beautiful ; for then no Need
The Serpent had t' invent the false Intrigue,
'Twou'd been sufficient to his grand Design
T' have shewn the Tree on which such Fruit did shine,
The Sight alone had charm'd them to rebel,
Tho' Heav'n inrag'd had sent them quick to Hell.

Thrice happy those who walk these blessed Shades,
Nor Fier'y Dragon here your Wish invades ;
No angry Angel's flaming Sword affrights,
From the fair Fruit that charms your Appetites ;
Each freely eats, what each his Wish invites. }
Whilst cleanly Nymphs of kind *Pomona's* Train,
With pleasing Voices do contest to gain
Your wish'd for Custom, each ambitious Fair,
Of Charms superior boasts her darling Ware :
And to allure you does from Basket neat,
With Lilly Hand produce th' Autumnal Treat.

And

6 TOM KING'S : Or,

And what before so charmingly did shine,
 Grac'd with so fair a Touch is sure divine!
 Not half so white her * Hand, who at the Shrine,
 Of chaste *Latona*, did her Vows confine ;
 Nor equal was the Fruit, by which the Maid,
 To the desiring Youth her Love betray'd.

High in the midst of this most happy Land,
 A well built Marble Pyramid does stand ;
 By which Spectators know the Time o'th' Day ;
 From Beams reflecting of the solar Ray ;
 Its Basis with ascending Steps is grac'd,
 Around whose Area cleanly Matrons plac'd,
 Vend their most wholesome Food†, by Nature good,
 To chear the Spirits and enrich the Blood ;

* *Cydippe*, a beautiful young Lady, with whom *Acontius* fell in Love, but being out of Hope to attain her, because he was not noble and rich enough, he made use of this Stratagem : When *Cydippe* was offering up her Vows to *Diana*, he wrote these Words upon an Apple, and cast it into her Bosom.

*Juro tibi sane per mystica sacra Dianæ,
 Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamque futuram.*

Who reading these Verses sware unawares, and falling sick upon it, was at last forc'd to marry him.

† Upon the Steps of the Cross there set several Old Women, who sell hot Rice Milk and Barly Broth.

And

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 7

And if as Poets sing curs'd *Tantalus*,
Plung'd to the Chin in Water parch'd with Thirst,
Oft the deluded Wretch with eager Eyes,
To catch the fleeting Liquid vainly tries ;
The Streams illusive leave his moistureless Lip,
Nor deign the Tribute of one cooling sip ;
Whilst o'er his Head the pendent Fruit's display'd
Of Heav'nly growth, to tease his Famine made,
Which as he strives to seize, the Spectre flies,
His eager Touch, and all his Hopes denies ;
But had the Gods for to revenge the Crime,
Of *Ceres** great Abuse, but sentenc'd him,
T'have stood erect upon this Pyramid,
Which o'er the Garden rears its lofty Head,
With this Command, here Wretch, for e'er accurst,
Who impiously t'assront the Heavens durst ;
Be it thy Doom For ever here to stand,
And view all o'er the Plenty of the Land :
And tho' thy famish'd Nostrils are regal'd,
With fragrant Steams, which from below exhal'd ;

* *Ceres* the Goddess of Corn eat the Arm of *Pelops* Son of
Tantalus.

Yet never shall thou taste th' Ambrosial Food,
 Nor drink the Nectar, for a Wretch too good.
 Not *Tittus* * by the hungry Eagles torn,
 Who eat his Liver still as newly born ;
 Nor † *Sisyphus* who strives with might, Pain,
 Up Hill to rowl the Stone, which back again
 With Force impetuous drives its Headlong way,
 And with new Labours does his Toil repay ;
 Nor all the cruel ‖ Dames, who curs'd below,
 Do idle Pains and fruitless Care bestow ;
 In pouring Streams into a Leaky Urn,
 Which flow as fast again, as fast return ;
 Not all the various Tortures that in Hell,
 The Fire, the Scourge, and ever rowling Wheel, }
 Can equal half the Pangs that here he'd feel.
 These happy Groves such great variety, }
 Of Transports yield to please the raptur'd E, e,
 That Pleasures seem with Pleasures to outvy. }

* *Viscera præbebat Tityos lanianda.* Ovid Met.

† *Aut peits, aut urges ruiturum, Sisyphæ saxum.* Ovid Met.

‖ *Molirique suis letum patruelibus ausæ,
 Assiduæ repetunt quas perdant, Belides undas.*

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 9

The Wretch encompass'd thus on ev'ry Side,
And see such Streams of Bliss with 'flowing Tide
Around him circle, must more Tortures bear,
Than Hell, or all the Damn'd Infernals share.

And when the Omnipotent, with dread Command,
Bannish'd our Parents from bless'd *Eden's* Land,
Another Garden, says he, I will give,
In which with Pleasure ye may happy live ;
Second to *Eden* only but in Fame,
For Bliss and constant Spring exact the same,
To th' happy Spot let * *Covent* be the Name. }

Near this terrestrial Paradise is plac'd
A splendid Theatre, with Actors grac'd:
Who far excel in the Dramatic Scene,
Whate'er at *Rome* or *Athens* e'er was seen :
Here each may view, as in a † Glass, his Face,
And learn Improvement from the reigning Taste :
For here all Vices fully are display'd,
Whate'er by Age or youthful Follies made :

* *Covent Garden.*

† *Veluti in Speculo utile dulci.*

Yet never shall thou taste th' Ambrosial Food,
 Nor drink the Nectar, for a Wretch too good.
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Informing * *Shakespear* tells the lustful Queen;
 However private, still her Guilt is seen:
 And modern *Rowe* acquaints the painted Whore,
 From Tragick Emblem of his fam'd *Jane Shore*.
 Here *Africk Terence* does the Laurel lose,
 And veil his Bays to *Congreve's* Comic Muse:
Grecian Euripides must too resign,
 Where Tragic *Dryden*, or where || *Smith* do shine:
 And where's the flinty Heart can cease from Moans
 That hears the fair † *Monimia's* guiltless Groans.
 E'en § *Miller's* Muse does not instruct the Age
 So much from Pulpit, as she does from Stage.
 Th' instructing Theatre does here impart
 The various Wiles of the disguised Heart.
 Here Nature, tho' in various Dress array'd,
 Through all her guileful Artifice display'd,
 T'inform the good, and lash the guilty Age. }
 But as the Bow, if always bent, will lose;
 It's Spring Elastic, and forget its Use;

* *Hamlet*, Prince of *Denmark*.

|| Mr. *Smith* translated a Tragedy call'd *Phædra* and *Hippolitus* from the Greek of *Euripides*.

† *Otway's Orphan*, or the *Unhappy Marriage*.

§ The Rev. Mr. *M—r* wrote the *Humours of Oxford*, the *Man of Taste*, and the *Mother in Law*.

The Humours of Covent-Garden. II

So when the pensive Mind is weary grown
Of viewing Vices near ally'd t' its own,
Ingenious *Harlequino Lunn* with Haste
Produces pleasant Scenes of sage Grimace.
Here *Faustus* is display'd; in Magick binds
Hell's baleful * Monarch, and lets loose the Winds.
There lofty Ships are seen to stem the Tide,
Mermaids and Dolphins on the Ocean glide.
But hark! you hear loud *Boreas* frightful roar,
And see huge Billows lash the founding Shore;
The leaky Vessels strive the Storm t' outbrave,
And leap and bound upon the mounting Wave:
But now subdu'd they drink the foaming Brine,
And found'ring sink, entomb'd in Neptune's Shrine.

But see the *Proteus* now assumes the Shape
Of powder'd Beau, or Dog, or grinning Ape.
Not *Jove* himself more diff'rent Shapes put on,
The Bull, the Show'r, the Satyr and the Swan,
Each are assum'd by *Harlequino Lunn*:

* *Pluto.*

So entertaining, that he seems to be
 Not * Man, but Nature's whole Epitome,
 Who can describe thy Musick, or the Dance
 To Sounds Seraphick moving, 'twou'd entrance
 E'en *Thracian Orpheus*, tho' his Lyre cou'd move
 Wild Boars and Savages to Feats of Love.
 With many other Pleasures, to rehearse
 To length immense would swell the boundless Verse.

Here *Britain's* King, most eminently great,
 Fatigu'd and wearied with the Cares of State,
 T'unbend his Royal Mind does oft resort,
 Attended with the Nobles of his Court.
 Nor wonder, for the modest Scenes are fit
 T'engage the wisest, and the decent Wit
 Would charm e'en *Cato* § to attend the Pit.

But as all Human Pleasures are allay'd
 With various Grievs, by erring Mortals made;

* ————— *Nil fuit unquam*
Sic impar Sibi HOR.
 § *Cur in Theatrum Cato severe venisti*
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires? MARC.

And

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 13

And no sincere Felicity can be
Without some little Dash of Misery ;
Delightful Paradise most happy Ground,
With ev'ry Joy and ev'ry Pleasure crown'd,
Contain'd a Serpent, whose envenom'd Head
O'er all its Joys a direful Poison spread :
So in our Garden is a *Hydra* seen,
With triple Head, fork'd Tongue, and dreadful
Mien,
That in her pois'nous Jaws the Wretch entombs,
Who to approach her fatal Den presumes.
Not *Sphinxes*, nor all the Monsters that in Hell
In Flames tormented, with continual Yell,
Are half so frightful : Her my good Lord *Cogg*
Supports, as *Pluto* does his hellish * Dog.

Forbear rash Mortals, oh! forewarn'd, beware ;
Wisely advis'd, her Cavern come not near :
Her cruel Courts are painted with the Gore
Of slaughter'd Thousands, and the horrid Floor

* Cerberus.

Pav'd with the Skulls and Bones of hapless Men
 Whom her false Wiles ensnar'd within her Den.
 For oft with various Arts she does entice,
 Sometimes in painted Form of Card, or Dice,
 Th' unthinking Youth, who does a Victim fall
 To Sons of Plunder that attend her Call.

But to her Shrine conspicuous is seen
 Cover'd with Carpet of a vernal Green ;
 And all around her Votaries do stand,
 Each brandishing within his eager Hand
 A hollow Cylinder, in which confin'd
 Two Cubes quadratick each in Durance bind ;
 With various Dots each Iv'ry Side is grac'd,
 With various Numbers in due Order plac'd :
 Swift from the Boxen Prisons streight they fly,
 Like Thunder rattling from the distant Sky.
 The trembling Gaolers with Impatience wait
 From the whirl'd Chances their uncertain Fate :
 Each feeds his Golden Hopes with Promise fair,
 And dreams of *Indies* from the Iv'ry War,
 Tho' all uncertain what the Fates declare.

}
 So

So the *Æolian* King in Fetters binds
Loud *Boreas*, and all the stormy Winds,
But when he opes the Prison-door they fly,
And plow the troubled Deep, and storm the Sky,
And tho' before all Nature calm was found,
Now swift Destruction's hurl'd the Globe around,
Woods, Meadows, Cities, are in Ruins laid,
And where they sweep a dreadful Chaos' made.

So here the God of Peace securely slept,
Nor ought disturb'd his balmy calm Retreat,
Till the squar'd Iv'ry from its Durance came,
And damns the losing Wretch to Want and Shame.

His Fate pronounc'd by * *M—on*, in whose Hand
Is held to tell the Lots, a Magick Wand.

High-Priest of † *THEUTH*, in ev'ry hellish Art
By 'Age and long Experience grown expert ;

Happy for *Albion's* Youth if thy Desert
Long since had shar'd the Rope and fatal Cart.

Now Oaths on Oaths, on Curses Curses rise,
Vile Imprecations rend the wounded Skies.

† *Plato* says the Dæmon *Theuth*, was the Inventor of Dice.

* A Famous Groom Porter.

Strange Magick this, which at one dreadful Fling
Can large Estates and Heirs to Ruin bring!

And he that thousands cou'd produce before,
Half *India's* Gold in well lin'd Pockets bore;
As *Cræsus* rich, as *Irus* now is poor.

Not so thy Fate young *W---n kind is shown,
Minion of Luck, Dame Fortune's happy Son;
Thy Tripes now, and blacking Art resign,
That in gilt Charriot thou may'st proudly shine;
And keep a flanting W---re in rich Brocade,
With Slave in splendid Livery array'd;
To clean those Shoes, which once was your own
Trade.

Happy the Age when bold || *Alcides* dar'd,
And the griev'd World from noxious Monsters clear'd!
Oh wou'd our *English Hercules*, the Law,
But squeeze this *Hydra* in his vengeful Paw!
Soon she'd disgorge her Poyson, and her Sting
No more to Ruin Innocence wou'd bring;

* This fortunate young Man us'd formerly to clean Shoes about the Streets but has acquir'd so good an Estate by Gameing, that he now keeps a Charriot and Equipage.

|| *Hercules* so call'd.

For

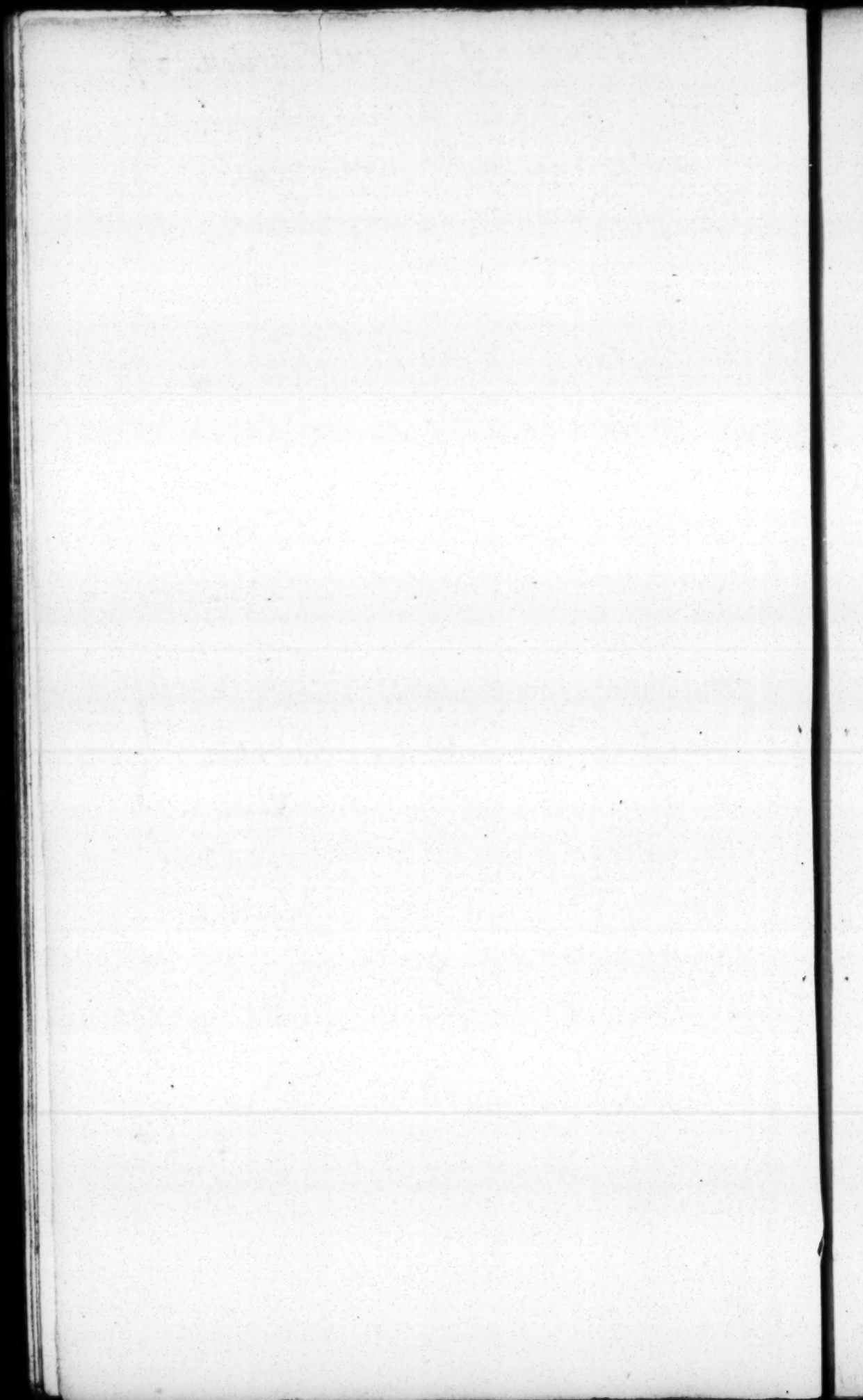
The Humours of Covent-Garden. 17

Happy the Garden then wou'd be most pure,
From ev'ry Vice, and ev'ry Fraud secure :
For what's that nam'd can Competition be,
To Sharpers, Bullies, who conjoyn'd agree
In one united Fraud, swift to devour,
The Youth ill-fated, that's within their Pow'r.

But hold my Muse, the loathsome Tale despise,
To Scenes more pleasing turn thy wearied Eyes ;
Swift o'er the Square our nimble Course let's steer,
Where Joys incircling Joys transporting are :
Where all the Graces constantly appear ;
Adorn'd with all that's lovely, all that's fair, }
And keep their nightly Revels all the Year.
The various Nymphs, and Beaus in shining Lace,
With smartest Airs, that bless this happy Place ;
In Verse subsequent will I try to sing,
These are thy Pleasures, thy Delights O K---g.

D

T H E





Tom K---g's :

WITH THE

HUMOURS of Covent-Garden.

C A N T O II.



OW bawling Watchmen with hoarse
Throats proclaim,
The past Meridian of Night's fable
Reign ;

The Nymphs of *Drury, Fleet-street, Temple-Bar,*
The *Strand, St. James's*, hastily prepare

To *Covent's* Grove, and throng about the Shrine,
Sacred to Beauty, and the God of Wine.

Here Pitchy Links are tip'd with flaming Fire,
And servile Chairmen, ply the Walks for Hire ;
Three spacious Courts the Temple does contain,
Each fill'd with am'rous Nymphs of *Trivia's* Train.
And sprightly Youths, who Nightly here resort,
To taste the Pleasures of the *Paphian* Court.

High in the midst is the fat Priestess seen,
Known by her comely Face, and portley mean,
And Voice sonorous, who to urge invites,
The Votaries to *Bacchanalian* Rites.

Her Rosy Visage with rich Rubies shines,
Painted with the best Blood of generous Wines,
And all around her in due order plac'd,
With various Ensigns of the God-head grac'd ;
Pots, Flaggons, Tumblers, emiaently stand,
Which at Command obey her rev'rend Hand.
Whilst she ambitious to support the Joys,
Which warm the frigid Nymphs and am'rous Boys

Prepare

The Humours of Covent Garden. 21

Prepares a Cordial of sublimer Taste,
Than that which at th' immortal Feasts is plac'd.
Her brawny Right Hand with strong Gripe does
squeeze

A yellow Lemmon from its foure Lees:
Her Left contains, to sooth th' unpleasant Tart,
A candid Lump of Sweetness, which with Art
In Urn infus'd of smoaking Wave, and last
With richest Wine she crowns the blest Repast.
Then with Majestick Arm she stirs the Flood,
To make the sparkling bowl compleatly good.
The mix'd Ingredients thus conjoyn'd agree,
And lose their former Names, as in the Sea
The various Rivers have their Names obsorb'd
In that most mighty Flood, which round the Orb
Rowls its impetuous Waves, no more the Name
They know, nor trace the Spring from whence they
came:

But pleas'd resign (nor think themselves the worse)
To bear that boundless Name * *Oceanus*.

* The God of the Sea, and Father of all Rivers.

So here the mix'd Ingredients which unite
 With various Tastes to please the Appetite
 Kindly agree, (tho' each with Fame inflam'd)
 That the rich Mixture be a Negus nam'd.

The comely Priestess takes the smoaking Bowl,
 Health to my Sons she cries—with all my Soul!
 Health to the God whose Shrine does ever flow
 With Streams of blisful Nectar, such as now
 I sacrifice to his immortal Name:

And you, my Sons, for ever do the same:
 Nor let the Nymphs who in our Temple shine,
 The great Example impiously decline:

For you, fair Ladies, oftentimes do prove
 'Tis *Bacchus* that inspires the Swain to Love.
 This said, with lift-up Arms the Bowl she rais'd,
 Her brawny Arms scarce hold it to her Head:
 Swift down her Throat the luscious Streams do
 flow,

Nor stops She 'till she'd drain'd the flowing Bowl.
 The great Example fires, with equal Flame,
 Each thirsty Youth, who toasts the am'rous Dame

Each

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 23

Each am'rous Dame with pleasant smile approves,
And kindly drinks to that which most she loves.
Bowl after Bowl they quaff, each jovial Soul
Gives a large Loose to Joy without Controul.
The jolly God of Wine alone confest,
Now reigns triumphant in each happy Breast :

Fair † *Cytherea* saw the sparkling Glass
Engage each jovial Youth, and merry Lads.
And what says She must I my pow'r resign ?
Must Beauty yeild to the brisk God of Wine ?
No more will Lovers then my Shrine invoke
No more at *Cyprus* will my Altars smoke,
It must not be ; with that she wings her Flight,
And at fam'd *Fanny's* Lodgings did alight.
Go, says the Goddess, to *Tom K—g's* repair,
For *Bacchus* only keeps his Revels there :
Here take my * Cestus, let the Drunkards know
What to all-conqu'ring Beauty 'tis they owe :

† *Venus*.

* The Cestus of *Venus* had this Property annex'd to it, that whoever wore it, for that Time was endu'd with the same Charms as *Venus* herself.

And

And that thy Charms the brighter may appear,
 Let crooked *Nanny A—s* too be there :
 That Wretch with Mountain on her Shoulders
 plac'd,

With ev'ry Vice, and ev'ry Ill disgrac'd :
 Curs'd Child of *Mercury*, whose Fingers rob,
 With Touch unfelt, the Gold-containing Fob :
 Whilst I'll go summons all my Train t' appear,
 Who in their best Attire shall wait you there.
 This said, the Goddess mounts her easy Carr
 And drove her **Sparrows* through the yeilding Air.

The obsequious Nymphs the Goddess soon o-
 bey'd,
 And all repair in richest Robes array'd
 To the fam'd *Grotto*, *Burgefs* now does moan
 Her absent Fair, and wish their quick return.
 Each vacant *Bagnio* now is desert seen
 From *Haddock's*, *Hawwood's*, down to Mother
 Green.

* The Chariot of *Venus* is sometimes drawn with Doves, and
 sometimes with Sparrows.

Refrain

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 25

Refrain your Tears, ye Hags of Hell refrain,
Each Girl will soon return, and bring her Swain,
Loaden with Gold, who at a vast Expence,
For to support your curs'd Extravagance ;
Contracts a loath'd Disease that knows no Cure,
To make Damnation firm, and sign your Hell most
sure.

Walbora first, a Dame of finest Mould,
(Pity such Charms shou'd barter'd be for Gold,)
Appear, the Fair each winning Art of Dress,
With Skill had chose, t'adorn her Prettiness.

But O fond Youth! forbear! take sage Advice!
Gaze not with Wonder on the Cockatrice :
Trust not the Adder for her spotted Skin !
Least when's too late you'll feel the poisonous Sting.

Pandora thus in all the Bloom array'd,
That e'er adorn'd the loveliest charming Maid,
Each God ambitious did with study'd Art,
A Gift peculiar to the Dame impart ;

E

Thus

Thus exquisitely form'd to please the Mind,
She swift Contagion hurl'd o'er all Mankind.

Chambers next with fable Charms does shine,
A Nymph with ev'ry Feature grac'd divine ;
Black shining Hair adorn'd the lovely Dame,
With Teeth as Iv'ry White, that wou'd inflame
To Love's forbidden Joys, the Anchorite,
And tempt him Heav'n and his Cell to flight :
But Jove in Pity to enslav'd Mankind
Has to the killing Fair annex'd a Mind.
That Kind'y She'll receive into her Arms
Each Male, that in the form of * *Pallas* charms.

So to the deadliest Poysons when they wound
Kind Nature a sure Antidote has found.

The † *Orator* his Rhet'rick at thy Shrine
And all his Tropes, and Figures did resign,

* Alluding to *Phillips's Splendid Shilling*, where he says,
————— Till *Pallas*

In Form of Money sets the Captive free.

† *L—y*, who set up an Oratory in opposition to Mr. *H—y*.

And

The Humours of Covent Garden. 27

And you his fluent Love (say Sons of Fame,)
Kindly accepted and return'd his Flame.

Not so th' *Athenian* Orator, who pin'd,
For jilting *Thais*, freakish and unkind,
And tho' his moving Speeches could perswade,
The listning Throng, they cou'd not win the Maid.

From hence this Moral we may justly draw,
Beauty, to Wit, and Learning, does give Law.

Coopera next, a Nymph of largest Size,
With Limbs *Herculean*, and **Saturnian* Eyes;
The *Amazonian* Dame, with yellow Hair,
And Hurkish Smell, does vainly strive t'ensnare;
Patch, Powder, Paint, alas, in vain you try,
To hide those Freckles, or your Skin to dye:
As soon the Leper will his Spots forego,
As soon the *Æthiop* change his Skin as you

* Βοῶπις ὀφτυῖα Ἦρη.

Hom. Il. 1.

With all your daubing Arts of *Italy*,
Commence a Belle, or but delightful be.

Ill favour'd Maid leave off for *Venus* fake,
A Painted Crow will ne'er a Parrot make.
Then take Advice, forsake thy Whoring Trade,
For which thy burly Form was never made ;
And choose some lusty Hostler for thy Spouse,
The Wretch enthrall'd in Matrimonial Noose,
Shall keep a little Boosing-Ken*, while you,
Hasp'd up in Bar, as Prude in Country Pew ;
With borrow'd Charms kind ogling may prevail,
To recommend your Cheats, and sower Ale.

Prudilla next, a Maid with sober Face,
Coy Looks, feign'd Blushes, ev'ry sign of Grace ;
Her various Nets, and diff'rent Arts displays,
T'ensnare the Novice, who with eager Gaze

* An Alehouse:

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 29

Vainly imagines to embrace the Shrine,
Of chaste *Lucretia*, in a *Messalin*;
Strange that a Soul with ev'ry Vice array'd,
Should seem a pious Saint in Masquerade!

So artful Pyrates when the Seas they roam,
T'ensnare the Merchant, various Wiles put on;
Sometimes the *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Swede*, the
 Dane,
To various Ships, are various Colours seen.

Here ragged *A----m* presses to be seen,
A Maid with squinting Eyes, and aukward Mien.

With many more that barely to rehearse,
To Length immense, wou'd swell the tedious Verse.

Each Nymph now seated, all her Charms displays
The Maiden Blush, coy Leer, and saucy Gaze.

When low the Priestess from her Bar of State
In which her heavy Clumsy Carcass fate.

Nimbly

Nimbly uprising, Greet's her newcome Guest
 With Health, long Life, and lasting Happiness.
 But what says she does ev'ry Nymph incline
 To offer to the jolly God of Wine?
 Shall I prepare a Negus, or d'ye choose
 To sip of **Turkish* Berry the boyl'd Juice?
 Or rather say of Wine a sparkling Glass
 To Taste alluring does inspire each Lass;
 Name but your Liquor, by the God I swear,
 Whate'er you name this Moment shall appear.

Each thank'd the Hearty Priestess, and confess'd

The second nam'd was what they now loved best
 And after that, each will indulge her Soul
 With the rich Nectar, of a wreaking Bowl.

The jolly Priestess gave the great command
 And tawney || *Betty* soon appear'd at Hand.

* *Coffee.*
 || The Black Girl that attends with the *Coffee.*

Whose

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 31.

Whose Skin with the same Colour is endu'd,
Of the fam'd Berry from whose Lees embrew'd,
The muddy Liquor, swift she flies with Toil,
Fanns the large Fire, to make the Caldron boil.

Thrice happy Vestal whom no smutty Coal,
Nor blackest Soot, nor Cinder dare to soil ;
Thy bless'd Complexion was by Heav'n assign'd,
To shew the dark Contexture of thy Mind :
With ev'ry Charm thee *Pluto* does inspire,
A proper Vestal for so chaste a Fire.

Each Nymph in Lilly right-Hand holds a Cup,
Of the dark Liquor, which they soon sip up ;
Then through the tippling Throng they dart their
Eyes,
Swift through the Grot the killing Lightning flies ;
Not half so fatal *Jove*, thy fiery Darts,
They only scorch the Body, these wound Hearts ;
Each jovial Son of *Bacchus* feels the Flame,
And Sighs desirous for the conqu'ring Dame.

Whilst

Whilst each triumphant Dame not coy approves,
With mutual Kisses crown their eager Loves.

Lovely *Walthora's* deem'd the happy Lot,
Of Lordly *Ros---ry*, the ugly *Scot*,
With rough long Beard, and Head with uncomb'd
Shock,

Looks as if Nature made him in a mock.
How can'st thou *Fanny* lavish all thy Charms?
And wanton revel in a Monster's Arms?
Strange Power of Gold, whose Magic can ensnare,
A cooing Dove to bill with *Russian* Bear.

Chambera's Flames *Præceptor sting t' th' Heart,
A Youth well vers'd in the Scholastick Art,
Full well he knows each tender Child to train,
And teach him, that with Demonstration plain;
He'd prove that two times four are eight, and then
That five when doubly told, compleat make ten.

* School-Master.

Besides with wond'rous Care (by all agreed)
He'd learn the Youngster how to write, and read.

Forbear rash *Cupid*, Urchin, do't not dread,
The fleaing Birch, upon thy Buttocks laid !
No, the young Truant in his taunting Play,
Cries where is now your Cane and Ferula ?

But let the Muse advise, to ease your Pain,
Back to your *Flogging-Shop* return again ;
With Breeches down, there let some lusty Lad,
(*To desp'rate Sickness, desp'rate Cures are bad*)
With honest Birch excoriate your Hide,
And flog the *Cupid*, from your scourg'd Backside.

Hall Rectus next, * *Flandera's* Charms invite,
A Maid in ev'ry Mode of Dress polite ;
Well hast thou chang'd the Times (in dirty Gown,
From Hawking four Pickles through the Town)

* This outlandish Gentlewoman sold Pickles about the Streets,
till she set up the laudable Trade of a Harlot.

For rich Brocades, fine Hollands, Mecklin-Lace,
And all the Pride that Courtly Damfels grace ;

*But as a long us'd Custom will prevail,
Still thou retain st some Pickle in thy Tail.

The Brine falacious gives those Charms to thee,
As Beauty's Goddess rising from the Sea.]

Nor fear, well season'd Youth, the pepper'd Dame,
Hot must she be indeed, if she inflame
Thy P--x'd and rotten Constitution, know
No fœtid Carron e'er cou'd kill a Crow.

But as two Fires when plac'd too near with Spight
Obsorb each others vital Heat and Light ;
So may'st thou hope from the Conjunction hot,
A small Relief to Pangs already got.
Happy for thee *Hall*, had it been t'have known,
Borebaave and *Friend* instead of *Littleton*

* *Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem,
Tegla diu.*

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 35

But see Count **Cog--n*, with his squinting Sight,
Full fraught with Wine, pale, blear-ey'd Son of
Light.

Nature to thee has greater Charms assign'd,
Than what has bless'd the rest of Human-kind ;
Two shining Lights to most she's giv'n to guide
Their wandring Steps, with one some satisfy'd.
Far larger Opticks bless thy happy Eye,
Through which at once nine Ways with Ease you
spy ;

But partial *Jove* enrag'd has curs'd thy Face,
With a fell Visage, to the dire Disgrace ;
Of Man and all Mankind's succeeding Race :
To this he adds, to make thee curs'd compleat,
A Soul to ev'ry Virtue opposite ;
And at thy Birth the Fates confirm'd the same,
Let Squinny say they, be thy loathsom Name :
Not all the Learning that your Shop contains,
Can teach th' indocile Breast, or clear your Brains.

* A Bookfeller within a Mile of *Temple-Bar*.

Crooked *M—lla* does thy Form admire,
 Despis'd by ev'ry common Drab of Hire ;
 May her invenom'd Joys into thee pour
 A foul Disease, beyond the Art of Cure ;
 And may'st thou, when deny'd the hop'd Relief,
 Go hang thyself to end thy wretched Life.

Here *B—dle*, *M---ford*, *Wil---re* a pear,
 With many more, who claspe the yielding Fair.
 Now nought is seen but am'rous wanton Play,
 Each Swain is loving, ev'ry Nymph is gay ;
 Soft melting Kisses freely are conjoyn'd,
 Which sweetly intermingled with their Wine,
 Raise their exalted Spirits to a Bliss,
 Beyond the Reach of Human Happiness.

Kind Beauty's Goddess does behold from far,
 The Medley Combat of the pleasing War ;
 And smiling thus she said, behold what Charms
 Does *Venus* give, when *Bacchus* with her warms.

Each

The Humours of Covent Garden. 37

Each smirking Damsel brandishes on high
A Bumper, which resmiles with mutual Joy ;
Gay deluging in genial Juice her Soul,
To *Bacchus* and to *Venus* fills the Bowl ;
Each Female Breast warm'd with the Heavenly
Juice,
To Thoughts, and Prattle give a wanton Loose :
Now the whole Dome with Harmony does sound,
And pleasant Tittle-tattle flies around ;
Each happy Youth another Goblet fwills,
Each Fair the great Example takes, and fills ;
Th' intoxicating Fumes now seize the Brain,
To Song sonorous each their Voices strain ;
Whilst the throng'd Temple ecchos with the Noise
Of Male and Female's inharmonious Voice.

Not *Babel's* Tow'r contain'd a greater din
From th' unintelligible Chattering
Of Tongues confus'd, who strove with Verbal
Pain
In Languages unknown, their Words t'explain.

So

So when chill Autumn crops from Woods the
Leaves

Whirl'd through the Grove, by the refreshing
Breeze !

The wither'd Honours chatter as they rove
In circling Eddies round the vocal Grove.

The noisy Prattle now is grown full loud,
As various Themes inspire the tattling Croud.
The Lord, Clown, Senator, Fop, Bully, Cit,
Mingling in one loquacious Jargon fight.

Walthora, Nymph with keenest Wit endu'd,
Rally'd *Prudilla* till the enrag'd Prude,
No longer can her boyling Ire contain,
But a huge Blow returns the gibeing Dame.

O thou, who tutor'd by the **Delphick* God,
Sung on the Margin of an ousy Flood.

* Homer's *Batrachomyomachia*,

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 39

Fool-hardy Chiefs inur'd to deadly Wars
'Twixt croaking Frogs, and Mice immortal Jars.
† Or thou who Sung in an immortal Strain,
The licens'd Homicides of *Warwick-Lane* :
Give energy to my unskilful Tongue
While furious *Fanny's* direful rage is Sung.
What Pencil can her Indignation draw ?
When on her Cheek she felt the smarting Blow.
Mute, Pale, and Motionless, at first she stood,
Horror, Surprise, awhile benumb'd her Blood.
But her imprison'd Words at length resound,
And breaking through her Grief, this Passage
found.

Huffey, says she, you Drab, you saucy Minx,
I'll make you rue your cursed Impudence,
Was it for this I foster'd you in Jail,
Where not a Tatter cloath'd your p—ky Tale ?
For this I paid your Fees, and Garnish too,
When stern || *Deveil* to *Bridewell* order'd you.

† Dr. Garth the Author of the *Dispensary*, a Poem.

For this ; when first reliev'd from *Hempden-Black*,
 I coax'd the *Tally-Man* to set you up,
 Fit to appear at drawing-room, or Mall,
 And from a Bunter, dubb'd you W—re of Qual.
 And is an ignominious Blow the Treat
 You pay my Kindness with? — O vile Ingrate !
 This said, she streightway at the Prude lets fly,
 Swift Lightning sparkled from her kindling Eye.
 With eager Hands she seiz'd th' unhappy Fair
 And from her Head her Bruffsels tore, and Hair,
 With Skin and all, the smoaking purple Gore
 tream'd down her wounded Back, and ting'd the
 Floor.

Her Pilgrim fring'd with Gold, Manteel and all.
 The tatter'd Victims of her rage do fall.

Prudilla back again with Shrieks and cries
 With Teeth, and Nails, and Kicks, her Foe she
 plies,

Arms lockd in Arms they strive, with many a
 Wound

Both Heroines weaken'd, falling bite the Ground.

Thus

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 41

Thus have I seen in *Africk's* slimey Lakes
Closely entwin'd two angry Rattle Snakes,
Dart their Barb'd Tongues, and with envenom'd
Spight,
Hiss, spit, spurn, heave, and swelling sharply bite ;
The foaming Slime upon the Mire is spread ;
Nor ends the Poisonous War till both are dead.

With baleful Eyes, pale Discord from afar,
Sees the contending Fray, and Female War ;
She smil'd, and foaming breath'd upon the Throng,
The same dire Spirit late her Breast had stung,
From the curs'd Hag, the Demon disengag'd,
Enter'd the Herd, and like a Tempest rag'd ;
Headlong she drives 'em, some take *Fanny's* Part,
Others have bruis'd *Prudilla's* Cause at Heart :
Revenge does now in ev'ry Front appear,
And the Dome's fill'd with universal War ;
Blows now on Blows, and Shrieks on Shrieks arise,
While Mournful *Betty* wrings her Hands and cries.

When from her Wooden Throne the Priestess
flies,

What Madness now possesses you she cries ?

What Hellish Fiend is it (averse to good)

That tempts you thus to Slaughter, and to Blood ?

Cease with foul Discord to affront the Shrine,

Sacred alone to Beauty and to Wine.

Shall it be fill'd with sacrilegious War ?

For Combatants the shameful Theatre ?

Or will ye make the Temple of a God

Like fell * *Alecto's* cruel, dark Abode ?

Leave off this † *Thracian* Madness, I beseech,

And let hot Negus heal the bloody Breach

All hear the Voice, the Combatants straightway,

Obeys the comely Dame, and end the Fray.

So when destructive *Boreas* Marches forth,

With his impetuous Champions of the North ;

* One of the Furies of Hell.

† *Natis in usum lætitiæ Scyphis
Pugnare Thracum est : tollite barbarum
Morem ; verecundumq; Bacchum
Sanguineis prohibete rixis.* Hor.

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 43

Loud Tempests rise, and plough the foaming Deep,
And mounting Waves devour the foundring Ship,
If the **Cærulean* King but strike the Main,
With his commanding Trident, back again
They rowl their peaceful Waves, his presence binds
Their foaming Billows, and controuls the Winds,

Now all is calm and quiet, in the Cell,
Nothing but friendly Peace, and Halcyons dwell,
The reconciling Bowl walks nimbly round,
And wounds and blows in peaceful Nectar's drown'd

But see th'uncertain Fate of Human Bliss!
When all Things now concurr'd to Happiness;
And ev'ry thoughtless Youth indulg'd his Soul,
With a kind Mistress, and a genial Bowl:
In rushes † *Irenarcha*, with his Train
Of § *Myrmidons*, to seek the vent'rous Man;
Who on the Road most impiously bold,
Dar'd take from honest Traveller his Gold,

† A Constable.

* *Neptune.*

§ Watchmen.



J. Smith delin et sculp



Tom K---g's :

WITH THE

HUMOURS of *Covent-Garden.*

CANTO III.



HERE a large spacious Dome sub-
limely stands,

Which boasts the Work of * *Jones*'
immortal Hands ;

Columns with neat Magnificence appear,
And lofty Porches tell the Builder's Care ;

* *Inigo Jones* was the Architect of *St. Paul's, Covent-Garden,*

Here

Here deep mouth'd Bells, with noisy Tongues
prepare,

To call the pious Sinner to his Pray'r.

When lo! a Voice from the obfrep'rous Sounds,
Of Iron Hammer, four Times smote refounds,
O'er the wide Square, the Watchmen hear the Shock,
And round their Wards proclaim past Four o'clock.

So when the **Lemnian* bares his Sinewy Arm,
And loudest Strokes the founding Anvil warm ;
Around his Cave the Steely Sparkles seen,
And *Ætna* echos to the Thundering.

The *Hydra* opes her Cave, th' expanded Doors
Turn on their creaking Hinges, and out pours
A Pestilential Cloud, whose noxious blast,
Swift in a Moment o'er the Garden past.
Next from the Gate infernal, out there flew,
Curs'd Sons of Dice, a motley gameing Crew :

* *Vulcan.*

Some

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 47

Some gorgeously array'd in all the cost,
That *Ind.a*'s loom, or Tyrian Dyes can boast,
Others more wretched, who few hours ago,
Strutted in all the Pride of *Mexico*,
Now shiv'ring stand within the chilling storm,
And want a Garb to keep their Bodies warm.
Out on the Pad the *Desperado* goes,
And the first Man he meets, he robs of Cloaths.
Thence to Black-Heath, or Hounslow does repair,
And plunders of his Gold each Traveller.

Hence Bloody Rogues in Murders do engage,
From hence the various *Turpins* of the Age.
But those whom Fortune from the dicey toyl,
Does crown with Vict'ry, and Reward with
spoil,

Swift o're the Square their nimble Steps do rove,
And croud impetuous to the *Paphian* Grove,
To crown their Bliss with *Bacchus*, and with Love }
Here each selects the willing vendal Dame,
Strongly entic'd, she meets his purchas'd flame ;
Enamour'd with the Golden Fee she dies,
And richly hir'd no liberty denies.

So

So Jove coy *Danae* to his pow'r subdu'd,
When in a Golden Show'r he press'd the Prude.

What art thou Gold? that thy great influence,
Shou'd thus unbounded o're Mankind commence.
For Thee, the wretch his Conscience does forego,
And swears that right is wrong, that wrong is
true.

For Thee, the Parent with his Bloody Knife,
Takes from the Child he gaves, it's murder'd
Life.

For Thee the Offspring's cruel Hands are di'd,
(O dire Disgrace) with monstrous Paracide ;
For Thee the blushing Maid resigns her Charms,
And leudly revels in the Leacher's Arms.

Now Throngs on Throngs, so crowd the happy
Dome,
It scarcely gives its numerous Vot'ries room ;
Its numerous Boxes in due order plac'd,
With various Guests of diff'rent Sexes grac'd ;

Here

Here an old Leacher's socket sunken Eyes
For a young wanton Harlot, gloating dies :
Strange reverse this of Nature, that threescore,
Shou'd glow with am'rous Flame, of twenty four !
And who can say that Nature is grown old ?
Since Ever-Greens thus bud in Winter's cold.
In thee old Boy, a Leek's rank Emblem's seen ;
For tho' thy Head is grey, thy Tail is green ;
Thus wither'd Leaves and Fern, when set on Fire,
Do blaze, and bounce, and crack, and then expire.

There a spruce Beau in Doggrel sings his Flame,
And courts with his own Muse the Pliant Dame ;
His well form'd Curls, made of dissembled Hair,
Furnish his empty Head, himself as fair
As any Nymph within the *Paphian* Grove,
And like *Narcissus* to himself makes Love.
So have I seen a gaudy *Peacock* plume
Her *Argus* Eyes in the reflecting Sun.
Nay *Gay's* * *Baboon*, who had the World o'er-ran
To see new Fashions was much more a Man ;

* Vide *Gay's* Fables.

How can ye Fair adore the Foppish As?

Who doats on nothing but his Looking-Glass :

Change but his Clothing, and you'll see the Beau,

Appear a Lady gay like one of you.

Near him a strutting Bluff is hectring seen,

Known by his Warlike Phiz, and fighting Mein ;

His Hat smart cock'd, with yellow Tinsel lac'd,

And keen fell Bilbo by his Side was plac'd :

Nay, what is more, to dub him stout compleat,

He'd in the *Tagus* sail'd with *British* Fleet.

Beauty to Looks so savage fure must yield,

For who dares storm whilst *Mars* is in the Field ?

His whole Discourse was made of Wounds and

Scars,

Of plunder'd Pig-Stys, and hot poultry Wars ;

Of Pocky Shins he'd shew the dreadful Wounds,

And ev'ry Phrase was tip'd with Blood and O--ns.

Near this bold Son of Thunder, next is seen

Demure Mercator, with his sober Mien.

The

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 51

The Knavish Cit here squanders on a W—re,
What at th' Expence of Conscience he before
Behind his Counter got, where false he fwares,
And vends with damning Oaths, his damag'd Wares,
The Wretch enchanted here, but little knows,
Who 'tis at home is planting of his Brows ;
And whilst he's lewd Abroad, enjoys his Spouse. }
Back to thy Shop return, let painful Gains,
Of thy Mechanick Art employ thy Brains ;
Nor idely spend on Whores thy Golden Pride,
Which shou'd support your Children, cloath your
Bride ;

Remember *Clytemenstra**, while her Lord
Was planting Laurels, with his Arms Abroad,
She took the lustful *Ægysthus* t' her Bed,
And kind carefs'd him in her Husband's stead ;
Who back return'd with *Trojan* Trophies crown'd,
In cruel Spouse a Murtherefs he found.

Close joyn'd to him *Causidicus* appears,
A Youth train'd up in Brawls, and Wordy Wars ;

* The Wife of *Aggamemnon*.

He knew full well each cranny of the Law,
And where the Case was plain, and where the flaw;
Barb'rous Law Latin from his Lips did fly,
Trounsabo te, Statutum murderi.

With sly inveigling Arts he knew to wind,
Into the close Recesses of the Mind ;
Thence pump the latent Secret from the Heart,
Which known he'll sily to the World impart,
Born on the Wings of Fame, from hence arise
Endless Calamities, the Orphans cries,
And injur'd Widows Woes, from hence commence,
Law-suits in Chanc'ry, Common-Pleas, King's-
Bench :

From which this Son of Law does profit gain,
And Vulture like, preys on the mangled Slain.

Beware all honest Men, forewarn'd, beware !
As Peace you Prize, this Fury come not near ;
His pois'nous Arts will all your Bliss destroy,
And damn you with eternal Suits of Law.

So

So have I seen in Summer's sultry Heat,
A poyfounous Snake creep in a Sheaf of Wheat;
The Monster's Slime infects the Golden Grain,
Which made in Bread destroys the eating Swain;

But here another Cause employs his Mind,
A Glafs that's tempting, and a Lafs that's kind;
No Law's known here, but those which Love and
Wine,
Do in their pleasing Chains enslave Mankind.

But see a meager Bard my Muse next spies!
Known by his Thread-bare Cloaths, and eager
Eyes;

Thin meager Cheeks with Famine sunken in,
Sharp Nose, large Eye-brows, and long grizley
Chin:

Upon his little Head erect did stair,
A scatter'd fable shock, of uncomb'd Hair;
No powd'ring Barber's Art it boasts, or knows,
The scorching Pinchers us'd by modern Beaus.
His Upper Robe which on his Back he wore,

Was of a dark blue-grey, with Dust all o'er;

And

And Rev'rend *M—ler*, drest in fable Train,
 Shall set thy dying Stave, like *Paul Lorrain*;
Mit—el shall write thy Elegy, and *S—th*
 On mournful Stone engrave thy Epitaph,

But hold, my Muse, whilst you with Sorrow great
 Pity the Poet's Loss, and hapless Fate,
 Wide erring from your Subject, leave un Sung
 The mighty Theme, that shou'd adorn your Song.

Hippolitus your wand'ring Lay demands,
 A Swain with clownish Face, and Rustick Hands ;
 Youth in its healthy Bloom with vernal Grace,
 Shone in his Eyes and brighten'd on his Face ;
 His Chin Majestick, overspreads his Chest,
 In three deep Folds descending on his Breast ;
 His brawny Back, cloath'd with the Fleecy Store
 Of his own Flocks, more rich than *Jason* bore
 In the stout *Argo** from the *Asian* Shore.

* The Name of the Ship in which *Jason* brought the Golden
 Fleece into Greece.

His Galligaskins made of the tough Hide
Of Fallow Buck, who in his Park with Pride
Court'd the skittish Does, whose armed Head
With a sharp Troop of Spikes was yearly spread.

The clumsy 'Squire from * *Eboracum*
To *London's* gayer Town just newly come,
Was recreating with a merry Bowl,
And billing Wench, his rustick jovial Soul.
Loud was his Mirth, he sung (or seem'd to sing)
With Voice sonorous, like the noisy Din
Of yelping Hounds, when o'er the Plain the Crew
The subtle Fox, or trembling Hare pursue.
His Voice obstrep'rous round the Temple flew,
Whilst Eccho answer'd to the loud Halloo:
The noisy Huntsman's Mirth disturb'd the Throng,
Each Prigg was piqu'd, whilst merrily he sung;
None understood Dog-language, or cou'd own
The blessed Period of a high Down Down.

* *York.*

I

But

But most of all *Causidicus* did frown,

Who lov'd to hear no Noise, but what's his own,

When thus he spoke: Whence does the Difference
Betwixt God's Image and a Brute commence?

'Tis not from Form alone, but from the Mind,

In whose Recesses Manly Thoughts are coin'd,

And operate the Tongue, which does dilate

In pleasing Speech its Sounds articulate.

But if this noble Creature does disgrace,

And with Brutality his Soul debase;

And howl, and stamp, and scream, and yell and
stare,

Like Bull, or Lyon, Tyger, Dog, or Bear,

He then commences Brute, as such shou'd be

Sent to the Woods to Brutal Company,

Nor is it fit such gross Impertinence,

Shou'd dare intrude, to perplex Men of Sense.

Hippolitus, to this most wise Discourse

Return'd a Grin, and laugh'd as if he'd burst.

And what says he, do you fine Cockneys dare

With us robustick, Country Squires compare?

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 59

Or do you think on Earth, a Bliss abounds?

That can be nam'd, with hunting, Nag and
Hounds.

From Manly Exercise our Nerves are strung,

Our Bodies vig'rous, and our Days are long ;

Whilst you, a puny Race of sapless Elves,

Dead when alive, like no Men but yourselves :

I'd sooner be a Farmer's Dog and bark,

Than be as thou art, littledapper Spark.

This said, with strongest Gripe, he tweak'd his
Nose,

Streight from the Pinch the gushing Blood outflows ;

Curs'd Booby, Dolt-head, Bumkin, Bacon-Face,

What have I done ? to bear this vile Disgrace,

Causidicus reply'd : With that the Bowl

With reaking Negus brimm'd, his Angry Soul

Impatient seiz'd, and brandishing on high,

A tip-Toe stands, and guides it with his Eye ;]

Then at th' undaunted Squire, high in Air

Flings with both Hands the China Cloud of War.

And home it went : With one disastrous Show'r

His Hat and Wig, and Coat it delug'd o'er.

The

The brawny Champion felt the Wat'ry Wound,
 And in the Negus almost blind and drown'd,
 Gaping he stood, but in a little Space,
 Having wip'd the Nectar from his shining Face,
 Thou little Prig says he, thou Baby Face,
 Thou living Shadow, Nature's whole Disgrace,
 Who spawn'd thee in her Sport, to shew us then,
 How near a Monkey can resemble Man.
 Dar'ft thou protected by that Pigmy Size,
 Against a Man of Vigour to arise?
 But as the Lordly Mastiff does contemn
 The snarling Curs that yelping bark at him;
 Yet if to too great Liberties they run,
 Or bite his Legs, or snatch the feasting Bone,
 Their Impudence he chides, and one sharp bite
 The sneaking Curs does to Obedience fright.
 So though thy wither'd Face I do despise,
 Thy spindle Shanks, and little feeble Thighs,
 Yet I'll chastise thy Pride; with that he flew
 And hit *Causidicus* so great a Blow,
 That his Eyes fixt, his dislocated Neck
 Turn'd to his Shoulder, and o'er look'd his Back;

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 61

Large streams of Blood from batter'd Eyes and Nose,
And wounded Mouth, most plentifully flows.
The batter'd Lawyer all bedaub'd with Gore
(No Cloath in fulling-Mill e'er pounded more)
Cries out for Help, each tender Damsel flies,
Mov'd by his bleeding Wounds and mournful Cries,
To his Assistance: all contend t'assuage
The ireful Squire, and controul his Rage.

So two fierce Bulls whom rival passions share
For some lov'd Heifer, meditate a War.
Each bends his armed Head, with many a Wound
Gores his Antagonist, the thirsty Ground
Drinks up the Gore, the neighbouring Vallies ring,
To the loud Echo of their bellowing.
When now the strongest with a deadly Wound,
Pushes his Foe, and stuns him to the Ground.
The loving Heifers round about them press,
And interposing calm each ireful Breast.

So here, the tender Dames deplore the State,
Of wounded Dapper's bloody rueful Fate ;
Whilst one with Handkerchief, of cooling Flood,
Dip'd in the Wave, wash'd off the clotted Blood,
And.

TOM KING's : Or,
Another with her healing Hand does rub
His Head with Nants, the swellings to remove,
Whilst the unwounded Squire takes his place,
And laughs at *Dapper* and his mangled Face.

So when *Pelides* shook his thundring Spear
On *Xanthus*' Plains, the Terror of the War ;
His conqu'ring Arm beat *Hector* to the Ground,
Himself unhurt, and guiltless of a wound.

The Combat ended, each to Mirth encline,
And *Mars* to *Venus* and the God of wine,
His cruel Reign, and Empire does resign. }
Pleasing Discourse attends the merry Throng,
And each his tuneful Voice exalts in Song ;
Only the batter'd Lawyer discontent,
Full fraught with Spleen shares not their merriment;
From smarting Bones the damages he draws
Of thousand Actions, endless Suits of Laws.

Now *Chantecler* with shrillest Note does say,
The near Approaching of the solar Ray.
Not so once drowsy Youth you watch'd the Cloc',
When angry *Mars* transform'd you to a Cock.

The

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 63

The num'rous Vot'ries now forsake the Shrine,
But first they pay the Priestess for the Wine,
And smoaking Negus, then the Bargain made
Each to some Bagnio leads the willing Maid,
Or to her gayer Lodgings does invite
The inflam'd Youth, to quench his Appetite.
Some the officious Link-Boy's aid require,
To teach their cleanly steps t' avoid the Mire.
Whilst others hous'd secure from rain, or air,
By padding Slaves are borne in swinging Chair.
Thus each most happy Youth to crown his Bliss,
Or Walks, or Rides, accompany'd with Miss.
Now the whole Dome is vacant of its Throng,
And all its num'rous Votaries are gone.

Whilst I the most unhappy, me no Dame
Accompanies, to quench my am'rous Flame.
No Bagnio's known to me, but pennyless,
Cursing my Fate, I mourn the wish'd for Bliss.
Pensive along the dirty Strand I roam,
Far as St. *Clement's*, to my wretched Home.
There to a lofty Room, that's next the Sky,
By Men the Garret call'd, I trembling fly.

Me

TOM KING's: *Or,*

Me to deny my Land-lady I court,
To Dunns importunate, who oft resort,
With Catch-poles, who if once their Palm they lay,
On Debtors Shoulder, do to Jail convey
His captive Carcass, where in Durance bound
Of ev'ry Joy bereft, his Couch the Ground:
Long must he live in want, and Misery
'Till Death, or Regal Mercy set him free.
Safe from such Visitants to sleep secure
I Bar my Windows, double lock the Door.
Next to refresh in balmy Sleep my woe
On Bed uncurtain'd I my Carcass throw.
There tofs and tumble, to deluded Arms
My Dream presents the Nymph, all over Charms
Who has transfix'd my Heart, close to my Breast
O Heav'ns! th' imaginary Fair I press.

Delightful Vision, lend thy pleasing aid,
And bless my Slumbers with the lovely Maid;
Give me the form of her I most adore,
Content I'd gladly sleep, and wake no more.

F I N I S.



